

Footprints

A Tribe Called Quest

As we start trudging, me and my brothers we be looking and be bugging
Vehicles of life they be rolling and be nudging
Searching for the virgins of life
That be shoving out the door that's crack
The valleys of time, are always on my feet
As least the beat will combine
The calluses and corns with the funky bassline
You don't need underdog for a nickel shoeshine or the shoes that's phat
Well can I get a level on
the bass and on the treble
Footing up and down like a UNLV Rebel
The answer be amongst us cos we rarely dig acoustics
Can't be too much flacking, not too much packing
You must container that at least to dip your hand in rap
Your feet will be infectious so at least realise the fact
The rhythms are inserted and the nurse can be converted
This ain't rock 'n' roll cos the rap is in control
If you're a megastar, worth will buy you a car
I'd rather go barefooting, for prints I will be putting
All over the earth if we can get there first
Now that we are in it, footprints are being printed
So if you recognize em, you can try to size em
They'll probably be the ones with the size not frying
All over reveal, you won't have to yield
If you want protection you can hide behind the shield
You can game on the gallons if you really need to rock
But we walk while we talk as we stomping through the block
Hand in hand 'cross the land as
Muhammad cross the fade
It's a Tribe who meanders, precious like a jade
It's a art, Theo arch rhymes the ground placed upon
The mind will unwind, it will soft to beyond
Catch the track, track by track, get a map to track a trail
You will find yourself behind for a map does not prevail
See the levels peaking as the rhythms keep-a screeching
A Quest, oh yes a Quest, inside the jam I will keep preaching
The point, oh yes the point, because it's close but yet so far
The loudness is ringing as we scoot across the star
We are bulging, I'm indulging in a rat-a-tat-tat
Explanation for the liners that the rhythm is phat
Keep it wild, wide and deep, you could dig it
in a jeep
But dig it in the ground because the foot print now
If there's a storm that's brewing, it won't keep
us from doing
Our thing as we start swinging, travelling is bringing
Joy inside the domes as we hit the road to

roam/Rome

A chair is not a chair, a house is not a home
Because my skin is brown, yo I'm gonna do the town
Rub it in the face and rub my feet all through the place
When you get your finger on the music it'll linger
Sing a song o' sixpence, sing it like a singer
A Nubian, a Nubian, a proud one at that
Remember me, the brother who said "Black is black"
You can come by request, I don't play, I don't dress
Get emotions off your chest, we are black, we the best
Making moves, making motions, flowing like an ocean
The walking will continue, we know that we will bring you
The times that you have waited, more anticipated
Be gone but not for long because the feet will stay strong
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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